ASHES OF EMPIRE

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

(Copyright, 1898, by Robert W. Chumbers.) CHAPTER X. THE PROPERTY.

The Rue d'Ypres was a surging turmell, Swarms of eager, anxious people thronged the street and the ramparts, where an irregular sloud of white smoke hung, half concealing the "Prophet." A company of line soldiers were driving the crowd back to the sidewalk, a mounted gondarme shouted orders and wheeled his horse right and left, white gloved hand raised, the grenade on his baldrick glittering like a live coal. From everywhere came a murmur, grow-ing louder, deeper, more persistent. "The Prussians! The Prussians! The Prussians!" until the monotonous chant swept from the Porte Rouge to the Prince Murat barracks like the thrill of a tense chord, deep strung, trembling. wibrating in the arched sky.
"The Uhlans were signalled near l'Hay,"cried

a boy, raising himself on the point of his wooden shoes to catch a glimpse of the "Prophet." "Can one see the Prussians out there!" asked a woman, looking up anxiously at Hilde, who

ned from the window. "I see nothing, madame," replied Hilde,

faintly. "They're there," insisted a man in a blue blouse. "The Prussians are in Meudon woods, madame." "Who saw them?" asked a dozen voices at

"How do I know! Everybody says they're

them with a glass," said an old man, who imme diately became the centre of attention. "What spire?" demanded the man in the blue blouse.

"Can you see them? Are there many!" asked another. Uhlans! The Uhlans!" shouted the

crowd. Hilds, leaning from the shattered window looked down at the surging throngs below, and then out across the valley of the Bièvre, sparkling with dimmed brilliancy under its veil of haze. She saw nothing except patches of woods. misty sunshine.

Yolette spoke calmly beside her, "We must fill all the window frames with panes of oiled paper. If they fire again there will be no use having glass put in."

In the street below an officer with gold lace on his crimson cap rode slowly through the centre of the crowd, repeating: "Go back, mes-sieurs; there is nothing to see. The Prussians have not been signalled: the marines are only practising to get the range."
"No Prussians!" exclaimed the man in the

blue blouse. A disgusted laugh ran through the crowd.

'Rata! I'm going back, then," said a young butcher, tying his apron tighter; "we'll have plenty of time to see M. Bismarck later." The crowd slowly dissolved, melting away

Hitle by little, leaving a group of hopelessly curious gamins at the Porte Rouge, the barracks, and as near to the "Prophet" as the cannoneers would permit. So, after all, the Prussians were not in sight.

The crowd appeared to be good humored, but a little disappointed, for they had come to see something, and now were obliged to retire unnatisfied. Curiosity prevailed in spite of dread -that insatiable curiosity of the Parisians, so easily satisfied, so soon changed to ennui.

The shot from the bastions had aroused the whole city; even Bourke and Harewood, loung ing on the terrace above the palace of St. Cloud heard the distant report and saw the white moke curling up along the battlements behind Issy.

"That comes from our quarter," said Harewood, "Do you see the smoke, Cecili" "It's nothing," replied Bourke. "They're practising somewhere on our secteur, probably to find the range. It may be the 'Prophet' that

practising somewhere on our secteon, propacty to find the range. It may be the 'Prophet' that has spoken."

They sat on a bench, lazily discussing cold chicken and light Bordeaux, looking off over the valley where the panorama of the Seine Valley spread out. At their feet lay Parls, white, fair as a jewel set in green velvet, circled by the limpid necklace of the river. The late sunlight burned on the gilded dome of the Invalides, the twin towers of Notre Dame glimmered beyond. Nearer, the majestic dome of the Pantheon and the strange towers of St. Sulpice detached themselves from the level mass of green—the gardens of the Luxembourg, and further beyond the observatory glistened, its mosque-like domes snowy white. To the southeast, looking across the peninsula where Billancourt lay smothered in verdure, the six forts of the south stretched away in a single rank to the river Marne; in the north the year mass of Mont-Valerien cut the sky line—always mysterious, siways menacing, wranbed always mysterious, always menacing, wrapped in gloomy majesty. Close to St. Cloud the Montretout redoubt lay, still unfinished, but

always mysterious, always menacing, wrapped in gloony majesty. Close to St. Cloud the Montretout redoubt lay, still unfinished, but apparently formidable enough.

Harewood could see the terrassiers awarming over the glacia, troops marching and countermarching, gun squads drilling on the parapets. At their feet, so close that Bourke could have tossed a pebble ento the roof, the beautiful palace of St. Cloud nestled amid its ancient forest, stiff ranks of hedges and quaint marble-terraced pools. A squadron of culrassiers had dismounted at the foot of the terrace steps. Hundreds of officers, municipal magnates, huissiers, gendarmes, and holiday strollers passed through the palace grounda, staring up at the exquisite gray façade with unaccustomed emotions of culriosity and apprehension.

A group of mounted officers, returning from an inspection of the Haras square, passed slowly benests the terrace, spurs and helmets ingling, breastplates glittering like mirrors. One of them, a alim young fellow, splendidly mounted, glanced up at the two Americans as he passed, turned his head to look again, laughed and waved a gloved hand.

"Who's that!" asked Bourke.

"Gen, Bellemare, commanding at St. Denia," said Harewood. "He's going to let me know when anything is up in that direction."

It was sunset before they rose to go, with a last glance at the distant splendid city, where the Arc de Triomphe had turned to an strch of pearl, the obeliak to a faming torch—battlements, spires, bridges, impalpable as structures of opalescent mist, faded as the enchantment waned, fainter, dimmer, until in the rose-banked haze a star broke out; another glimmered in the zenith. Then, as the shadows fell an forest and palace and sombre silent pools, far through the velvet twilight, between the avenues of trees, the moon, blood red, rose above the edges of the plain.

"Come on," said Bourke, strapping his binocular and starting down the terrace steps.

Harewood followed him, entering the hedged avenue just as the cuirassiers rode out of the cou

Harewood shoot bands with him as the berse passed, saying: "Good evening, Gen. Bellemare. I am coming to see you at St. Denis soon."

"I shall expect you," said Gen. Bellemare, turning in his saddle, "Don't forget—Rue d'Athis—au revoir, old fellow," and passed on with the cavairy into the dusk, saluting them both with easy grace.

The two Americans pursued their way toward the river, saying little to each other until they were standing on the deck of a bateau mouche, speeding through the twilight under the high viaduct of the Point du Jour.

Red and green lights on the feet of river gunboats sparkled under the shadowy arches of the viaduct. On the eastern bastions an electric light sputicred blue and blinding, casting luminous shadows over quay and dock and long rows of polished slear guns, lying on cartrucks below the ramparts. Other boats passed them, clustered lights on bow and stern rows of illuminated windows and ports staining the dark waters with golden beams as they passed. The little waves danced along the wake, criss-crossed with green and crimson streaks, distorting the lantern reflections until the black water surged under a polished surface, shot to its depth with jagged, trembling shafts of colored light.

"That's the gunboat Farcy," said Bourke, as a shadowy shape loomed up in midstream. "She's got a big gun aboard, but, to my thinking, the recoil must raise the mischief with her pistes."

Already the dark, endless facads of the Louver appeared on the left, bridge after bridge spanned the river, bright with feetoons of gas lamps, until a black bulk surged up before them, crowned with clustered pinnacles, lighted only by the stars. It was the Cite. Their voyage had come to its end. As they climbed the steps of the quay below the l'alais do Justice, away in ihe south a ball of fire sped up into the sky and burst, spraying the night with twentilion stars.

"That's that signali" muttered Bourke.

weight of the say and burst, spraying the night with vermilion stars.

"What's that signal?" muttered Bourke.

The distant report of a cannon confirmed the answer that the newsboys were shoutlog along the boulevard: "Extra! The Orleans Railway blown up between Abion and Athis! The Prussians have reached the forest of Senari! Extra!"

Harewood bought a paper and stood reading

Extra!"
Harewood bought a paper and stood reading is under a gas jet, while on every side as ingranism tunuit arose from the crowded sidemaiks as rocket after rechet whirred up into

the right and the dull thunder muttered from the forts of the west. In the glare of the lighted shop windows black masses of peeple gathered, gesticulating, blocking the street, lingering in knots under the gas lamps, where some boulevard orstor alternately read from a newspaper and harangued his neighbors, Hoarse voices with the sinister intonation of alarm belis desinated the deeper hum of the multifunde—insistent voices, clambring disaster. "Extra! Extra!"—every discordant cryrang out harsh and tense, vibrating with the malice of prophecy.

"It's true," said Harewood, soberly. "The Prusalans have cut the Orleans Railroad near Athis."

He handed the Journal to Bourke, adding: "There'll be the devil to pay in the streets tonight. I've a mind to stay here and dine at the Café Rouge. What do you say!"

"I told Yolette not to expect us," replied Bourke, "so it's all right. Come on."

They threaded their way through the crowd, crossed the street, and traversed the Place Bt. Michel, where a jam of omnibuses and cabs, hopelessly mixed, blocked the passage of a battery of artillery. In the black mass silhouettes of riders, towering in their high saddles, crossed and recrossed the gaslit bridge; here a horse's head tossed, sharply outlined; there the slim shape of a cannon detached itself from the shadowy chaos.

As they pressed on up the hill of the St. Michel and entered the brightly lighted terrace of the Café Rouge, culrassiers were passing through the Boulevard St. Germain, sabres, casques, and polished armor shining, crimsoned with mirrored reflections from the flaming torches borne by single cavaliers. A trumpeter rode by, a trooper carrying a guidon, staff in stirrup, followed, thee, all alone, came a General, sombre face shadowed, gilded sash, chapeau and epaulettes giltering with woven gold. Under this cocked hat his dreamy eyes looked out into the plare undarzied. He saw neither torch nor shadow, nor the steel blades of swords—he, the mystic, the oracle of vagueness, the apostle of mystery—this Breton Gover

the innocent.

When the last squadron had trampled past and was blotted out in the darkness, Bourke, followed by Harewood, entered the Cafe Rouge and found seats at a table between a soldier of the National Guard and one of Franchetti's "They're over by that spire-one could see

the National Guard and one of Franchetti's scouts.

The latter was taunting the National Guardsman with the indiscipline of his battalion; the guardsman answered sulkily, and sawed away at his steak, washing huge mouthfuls down with goblets of red wine.

"You and your Major, eh!" sneered the scout. "Tell me, my friend, since when has a battalion of the National Guard boasted a Major! I leave it to these two gentlemen"—here he turned and noded at Bourle and Harewood—"I leave it to these gentlemen if it is possible for a National Guard battalion to have a Major unless it's a company of fantoches!"

"Fantoche yoursel?" abouted the guardsman, stung to furv by the launt; "let me tell you that Major Flourens is Major because he's accepted the command of three Belleville battalions. If you don't like it go up to the 'Undertaker's to-night and say so to Buckhurst—and see what happens."

"Who is Buckhurst!" inquired the scout sar-

and see what happens."
"Who is Buckburst!" inquired the scout sar

"Who is Buckhurst?" inquired the scout sarcastically.

The guardsman swallowed a mouthful of
bread, emptied his goblet, smacked his lips and
said: "None of your business."

Bourke looked at Harewood.

"Buckhurst!" he repeated under his breath.
"It venidn't surprise me," muttored Harewood "if that ruffian is in Paris; the 'Undertaker's is just the place for him."

They are in silence for a while, preoccupied
with this bit of news, news which they knew
was well worth cabling to America. Forger,
murderer and incendiary, Jack Buckhurst had
at last been caught during the draft riots in
New York, and, after being clubbed into insensibility, had been locked in the Tombs prison
to be dealt with later. The next day after he
was gone, but not to hell. Where he had gone
the authorities tried for a while to find out,
until at last the fame of his expleits faded into
legendry and nothing was left of his memory
except an occasional line in a newspaper and a
faded photograph in the Rogues' Gallery.

The scout began again to tease the National

legendry and nothing was left of his memory except an occasional line in a newspaper and a faded photograph in the Rogues Gallery.

The scout began again to tease the National Guardsman, asking sneering questions about Belleville and the battalions quartered there, until the guardsman jumped up in a rage, cursing impartially the whole Latin quarter.

"If you think Belleville is so funny come up and see: come up and tell us how funny we are!" he shouted. "Henri Rochefort will answer you—Major Flourens will reply to you—M. Buckhurst may have a word to say! the full of cocottes and students and imbedile professors! Don't tell me! And just wait a guitter full of cocottes and students and imbedile professors! Don't tell me! And just wait a bit. The dance is beginning, my friend, and the red flag is a better flag than Badinguet's tricolored horse blanket!"

The café was in an uproar by this time. The scout dashed a glass of red wine into the guardsman's face, somebody in the room threw a chair at somebody else, howis and curses mingled with the crash of crockery until somebody shrieked. "I'm stabbed!" and there was a ruan for the door.

Bourke found himself out on the sidewalk, warding off the cuffs and kicks of several enthusiastic citizens who kept shouting: "He's a Prussian spy! Kill him!" until the hazard of battle brought Harewood to his aid. Together they managed to back out of the crush in good order until darkness enabled them to prudently efface themselves in the Rue de Medecine. And it was well they did, for the cru of "Spy" in Paris at that period meant rough usage first and inquiry later—sometimes too late.

"Damnation!" said Harewood, furlously, holding up a tattered sieere, "I've a mind to use my revolver next time, and I'll do it, too! Idiots! I'll snow them who's a spy—yes, I will, Cecil!"

"Yeu'd better not," said Bourke, grimly, regarding his own dishevelled attire. "There's no telling what your Parisians may do in this crisis. Jim, you heard what that rat-faced soldier said about Buckhurst! Of cour

ville to night and attend a seance of the Undertakers!"
Harewood nodded uncertainty.
"You remember I have a friend at court there, the Monse," he said, "and, as you suggested, it's possible that he may attempt to cut our throats as an expression of good will."
Bourks hesitated. He looked sharply at Harewood, undecided, a little curions to know how his comrade would act.
"Do you care to go!" he asked after a pause.
"Yes, if you are going," replied Harewood pleasantly.
"Come ahead then," said Bourks, wondering whether Harewood had accepted the risk through recklessness, a reporter's instinct of rivalry, or an unwillingness to let him take the risk alone.

CHAPTER XI.

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THE UNDERTAKERS.

The Reign of Terror inoculated Paris with a virus, the first symptom of which was an eruption of "clubs." Eighty years later the city was again violently infected. The Third Empire polsoned Paris, and a fresh outbreak of "clubs" followed, asgravated by the declaration of war in July, 1870. Now that the German armies were closing in on the city, the irresponsible mania for organizing clubs increased to such an extent that in certain quarters of Paris overy street had its club. And of all the clubs organized to discuss politics or to combat political parties, the grimmest, the most sinister, the mest thoroughly revolutionary, was the so-called "Undertakers" Club" of Belleville.

In the beginning this club had been extremely radical, but perfectly sane. It flickered into life with the birth of the Third Empire, blazed like a comet during the fusiliades of the boulevard and streets, and finally went out like a greasy candle, leaving a doubtful stench in the city. The fiame, however, was relighted when Napoleon III. declared war against his "good brother," King Wilhelm of Prusals, and when that mild-natured and sentimental old monarch left hisbecabbaged estates to chastise his bad "brother," the Undertakers stirred in their slumbers.

The resurrection of the Undertakers was accomplished through three circumstances, the Pranco-Frussian war, the will of God, and Jack Buckhurst.

Where Buckhurst came from, how he came, why he came, no one knew, but in a week he had all Relieville affame, clamoring for whatever be told it to clamor for. He walked into the Undertakers one evening, demanded an election, got it: demanded the privilege of the tribune, got it: demanded a revision of the constitution, a ballot for new officers, a new watchword, a new policy, and got everything he demanded. Then, with terrible vindictiveness, he turned on the semi-sane minority, crushed it, and drove it from the quarter, and when demanded an election are policy, and got everything he demanded. Then, with terribue

If Bucanurst had not been the devil's own prophet, if he had not foreseen what was to be, if he had not known as surely as the sun rises that the Commune was coming, coming inexorably after the brief war cloud had blown clear of a humiliated nation, the Undertakers would never have lifted a finger to equip a battalion for the defense of Parls. But Buckhurst saw further. He know that every new marching battalion from Believille neent for him and his a veteran reserve in time of need. His need would come when the Commune came. So when two organized battalions of the National Guard elected Flourens their commandant, Buckhurst rose in the tribune and called for volunteers to form a third battalion. He know what he was doing, he crushed opposi-

tion and won his point, and the Undertakers fixed a might for the mustering in of their hat tailon and a recention to "Major Flourens. Lary and civil, there was no such title as Major in the National Guard, but the Government darsed not antagonise Belleville then.

When Bourke and Harewood entered the hall, nobody apparently paid them the slightest attention. They slipped quietly upstairs to the wooden gallery, found a seat on the step mile below. A thick fog of tobacce moke hung over everything, through which gas jets burned with paio, attenuated, spear-like flames, High on the three seats of the tribune, behind the pulpit shaped deaks, as three men: on the right is lourens, young, flushed, handsome, blue eyes distated and neartist fatty quivering with impatience; on the barden of a funatic deep set under a high, ball, demelike forebesd. In the middle Buckhurst sat.

Ilsrewood and Bourke leaned forward, syes fixed on this incomprehensible international criminal. He sat there, pale eyes set in a paier face, a man of 40, lithe of movement, well propertioned, dainty of hand and foot. There was yet each feature was well night perfect—except plin eyes. These were so paie in color that in the gas flare they looked almost pearly.

The hall was packed with the Undertakers and their friends, sitting cheek by jowl around hundreds of little iron tables, loops with beer dregs and the blueblack lees of cheap wines. The hall was packed with the Undertakers and their friends, sitting cheek by jowl around hundreds of little iron tables, loops with hayonets and aword sheaths. Hed flags were draped around the hall alternating with hideous decorations, mannering beer mugs on the round fron tables. Women waved wine plasses in the smoke-choked glare; soldiers of the National Guard banged on the floor with bayonets and reassing the manner of the surface of the results of the platform before his deak matter the property hing, including the chook of darked walking sitcks, fat cigars tucked under waxed walking sitcks, fat cigars tucke

world. It is well to hear this in mind—and wait.

"And now, as you have elected Major Flourens chief of the new legion, and as you have elected me commandant of your battalion. I ask you for the privilege of naming to you two of my fellow countrymen for election as Captains in the Third Battalion.

"Name them! Name them!" shouted the crowd.

Bourke leaned over the balcony, clutching Harawaod's arm.

Bourke leaned over the balcony, clutching Harewood's arm.

"Hy heaven!" he whispered, "do you see who he's going to name!"

Harewood, mute with astonishment, stared down at the platform where two men had mounted from the crowded floor and now stood facing Buckhurst.

The two men were Speyer and Stauffer.

Amid a whirlwind of applause their names were presented and accepted. Buckhurst administered the oath. Flourens dramatically returned their salutes. Mortier, his apelike face stained a dull red with excitement, sat behind his desk, on which isy a pile of red cocardes. His little insane eyes snapped as Speyer and Stauffer marched up to be invested with the badge of anarchy. The crowd howled, druns and bugies crashed out, the meeting was at a ned.

Suddenly, in the midst of the tumuit, Harewood felt that somebody on the swarming floor below was looking straight at him. He turned his head uneasily. Buckhurst's colorless eyes met his own. For a full minute they gazed si-

his head uneasily. Buckhurst's colorless eyes met his own. For a full minute they gazed allently at each other across that smoke-reeking chaos. The bugle's ear-splitting racket, the crashing of brazen drums, the echoling how died away in Harewood's ears. He only heard a clear, penetrating voice repeating, "Silence, silence, if you please, gentiemen," and Buckhurst, with his eyes still fixed on him, touched Speyer on the elbow. Stauffer, too, was looking up now. Speyer had turned livid when he saw Harewood.
"Come," muttered Bourke, "we might as well

burst, with his eyes still fixed on him, touched Speyer on the elbow. Statiffer, too, was looking up now. Speyer had turned livid when he saw Harewood.

"Come." muttered Bourke, "we might as well get out of this," and he moved toward the staffway, Harewood following.

As they reached the last step and started to push through the crowded doors, a hand fell lightly on Harewood's shoulder. Buckhurst stood beside him.

The involuntary start that Harewood gave communicated itself to Bourke. He as so turned to confront Speyer and Stauffer.

"Gentlemen." said Buckhurst, speaking in English, "your faces are familiar to me. Capt. Spoyer tells me that you are New York reporters. Do you know me?"

"Yes." said Harewood sullenly, Buckhurst sale eyes stole around to Hourke, then returned directly to Harewood.

"Of course." he said placidly, "if you cable anything unpleasant about me I'll have your throat cut."

Harewood started on again toward the door, but Speyer jerked him back, saying savagely: "Listen. Do you hear! and Buckhurst added outely, "You'd better listen."

If Bourke had not gripped Harewood's arm in time Speyer's face would have suffered, with clenched fate Harewood pushed toward him. Buckhurst fluing him back, showing his teeth slightly, his face distorted with that ghastly smile that none who had ever seen it could forget.

"If you cable for my extradition," he said, "I'll cut your throat as a spy."

"Spy?" stammered Harewood furiously. "Yes, an imperial spy who sided the Empress to escape from the Tulleries. You fool, don't you think I know! You and your comrade and two wemen named Chalais—you aided the Empress." I am the witness," said Speyer.

Harewood was dumb; Beurke stared at Spoyer, who sneered in his face. "You want a witness! I am the witness," said Speyer.

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the siege, and if you give me any trouble I'll set the police on your little Chalais girls!"

Harewood struggled to strike him; Buckhurst faced him, one hand in his coat pocket.

"I've got a pistol in my pocket." he said. "It covers you. If it wasn't that I don't want a row that might lead to an investigation I'd shoot you now. Stand back! Get out of here and keep your mouth shut or I'll let the whole hall trample your face into the floor!"

Harewood, white to the lips, jostled by the crowd bouring through the deors, strove to keep his position in front of Buckhurst. He looked into the pale, merciless eyea he saw the outlines of fist and levelles pistol in the black side pocket of Buckhurst's coat. He saw, too, suspicious faces peering at him from the bassing crowd—dark, sullen eyes, buraing with the smouldering fire of frenzy. Speyer sneered at him. Stauffer's weak blond face relaxed into an insulting smile.

"Come," muttered Bourke, "there is nothing to do," and he laid his hand on Harewood's arm.

"No," said Harewood aloud, "there is nothing to do—now."

Buckhurst, beard, His thin line recorded.

"No." said Harewood aloud, "there is nothing to do-now."

Buckhurst heard. His thin line receded again, showing an edge of snow-white teeth.

"Neither now nor later," he said softly.
"Leave this hall!"

Speyer cut in: "If you give us any trouble the Governor of Paris shall know how the Empress escaped! And you can take yourself out of the Rue d Ypres—bag, bagware—and women!"

Bourke had dragged Harewood back to the door, repeating in a whisper: "For God's sake, Jim. let them alone! Let them alone!" Huckhurst followed slowly. Spoyer at his elbow, Stauffer in the rear. Behind them the lights were being turned out in the empty hall; in the dark street outside the foul sidewalks, wet with an autumn shower, reflected the flickering flame of a single lamppost.

Bourke, urging Harewood, backed out into the sirect. The night was appalling in its fathomiess blackness. The leaves on an unseen tree stirred somewhere above them.

"They've followed us," whispered Hourke, straining his evas back to the black gaping door of the hall. "Listen, Jim!"

the single gas jet burned incertainty, sow flaring up into a yellow patch of light, now sinking to a blue spark.

Buddenly Harewood felt the haunting presence of somathing that he neither saw nor heard. It was close to him, there in the shadow, noving nearer. Then the darkness seemed to part before his eyes, a shaft of flame singed his brow, and the narrow street resounded with the racket via platol shot. Instantly he struck out, and struck again, solidly, knowing that it was Buckburst who had received the blow full in the face. Somebody slid the shutter from a lantern. He caught a glimpse of Bourke knocking Stauffer into the gutter, of Buckburst, his white face solied with blood, groping on the sidewalk for his revolver, of Speyer swinging his arm for a blow. The blow was for Harewood himself. It caught him fairly on the neck, and sent him fatt. Dazed, he struggled to rise. A knee pressed him back, a knife simmered in the lantern light, falling swiftly toward him, only to be caught by another knife and sent whirling. And now he was on his feet again, and again the blinding flash of a nistol dazzled him, half revealing a swarm of dark, hurrying figures closing in around them. It revealed something slee, too—the hard face of the Mouse starting from the shadows at his chow.

"This way, monsieur," muttered the Mouse.

revealed something else, too—the hard face of the Mouse starting from the shadows at his elbow.

"This way, monsieur," muttered the Mouse. "This way, monsieur," muttered the Mouse. "Hold to my arm."

A lantern fell viotently to the sidewalk, rolled around and went out, leaving a stench of petroleum in the air. There was a sudden rush, a cellision, angry, panting voices, the duil sound of blows, a shrill cry: "The police!" Harewood, running through the darkness, one hand on the Mouse's arm, turned sharply with his guide into a broader street, lighted by a dozen lamps. At the same instant Bourks rounded the opposite corner and met them face to face. For a minute they stood there breathless, listening to the distant shoutling and trampling that gradually grew duller, as though the affray had almest subsided.

"Whew!" said the Mouse, thrusting his tongue into the corner of his cheek and holding up a broad-bladed krife. "I was just in time, ch, monsieur!" He shuffied his feet reflectively, glanced obliquely at Hourks, shrugged his shoulders and laushed, nodding half patronisingly when Harewood began to thank him.

"Bah—that is nothing, my friend. There are miracles in Believille when the Mouse patters through the dark. Besides the four winds blow for nothing, but it costs mouse to live."

"Come to the Rue d'Ypres to-morrow," said Harewood soberly, "and the four winds will blow you something berides air."

"At your service," said the Mouse with impudent condescension, "and, messieurs, I have the honor—" at the sanged heel, and slouched off into the night.

To be continued.

To be continued.

AN UNWILLING RECRUIT. The Beparture of a Young Stellian Who Had Been Brafted Into the Army.

From the Youth's Companion. More than one American family of to-day can emember the time when, in the season of the country's need, the young son of the house went to the war, but probably not one American famfly can quite enter into the spirit of the scene de scribed by Mr. William Agnew Paton or his Picturesque Sicily."

The boy who went to the wares America was fired by love of his country and though, when the farewell came, he set his testh hard and felt his eyes moisten as he turned to take a last look at the dear ones gathered round the home gate. his heart beat too strongly with patriotism to make the occasion one of unmixed sorrow.

That glow of patriotism is wanting in the case of the recruit of some other lands, to judge by Mr. Paton's description. It is one thing to join the army because of the country's need and

Mr. Paton's description. It is one thing to join the army because of the country's need and quite another to go as the result of being drafted, with no thought but that of bitterness at the hardness of one's lot.

Near La Chiesa del Carmine Mr. Paton saw a young recruit, newly drafted, taking leave of his family. He was very young, hardly of an age to fit him for military service. This may perhaps serve as an excuse for the fact that, in splie of his new uniform, he stood in the middle of the road crying like a baby as he poured his tale of wee into the ears of his younger brothers and sisters, and possibly his cousins also; for some ten or twelve children were grouped round him, standing or kneeling upon the pavement, all of them weeping bitterly.

The boy's mother, her eyes red and her hair dishevelled, was delivering to a dozen or more of her friends a tirade against the injustice of compelling her boy to serve in the royal army. Opinion seemed unanimous, for all gave their unequivocal and vociferous assent to her propositions and complaints.

The lane was full of women. There were few men, only those being there who were too old to work. The windows and doors of the houses were occupied by other women, all gesticulating and all very angry.

When the Sergeant, a good natured fellow, who had permitted his charge to hait on his way to the railway station, motioned the young recruit to come away, the scene in the lane beggared description. The children gave loud voice to their sorrow, the mother frantically kissed her boy's face, hands, and clothing, and even, by throwing herself upon the ground, managed to kies his feet.

Then, rising to her knees, she elenched both hands, and, lifting them toward heaven, seemed to be calling down vengeance on the Sergeant and all set in authority over him who had part or lot in the taking of her son from her.

When last seen she was being led into her house by her sympathizing friends, while the children, crying and gesticulating, followed the young recruit to the corner of t

TOO OLD TO GO TO THIS WAR. The Death of an Equine Veteran of the Civi War at the Age of 48. From the Cleveland World,

ABHTABULA, O., Way 21.-The only living war corse of the late war died a few days ago at

North East, Pa.

The announcement of the death of Old Ned will cause many an old veteran to heave a sign at the thought that another war voteran has fallen from the ranks of those left after the civil conflict of the sixtles.
Old Ned was not a pensioner, although he

was entirely dependent. He was acknowledged to be the only surviving member of the equine race which did service in the late war. The steed lived to the remarkable age of

equine race which did service in the late war.

The steed lived to the remarkable age of forty-three years, and died this month in the stable of his owner, B. F. Crawford, at North East, which had been the borse's home since the war closed. Ned served in the armies of both North and South, doing his duty as willingly for one side as for the other. Yet ne was not a deserter from either.

The old nag's history would make the interesting volume, as he had been exhibited all over the country. His teeth marks proclaimed him nine years old when, in 1864, he was a beautiful black charger ridden by one of Early's raiders, who was shot from his back in an encounter near Washington, and the horse fell into the hands of a victorious Federal brigade. After the fight, when those who had lost their mounts in the battle were supplied with new horses captured from the enemy, Ned was given to H. F. Crawford, then a sergeant, who rode him through the rest of the rebellion.

For several years past Mr. Crawford has paraded his pet animal in memorial events in different cities of the country, and the sagacious beast had learned to know a Decoration Bay ceiebration as well as any one.

The sound of martial music had a wonderfully rejuvenating effect on him. When in parades he could not be managed anywhere except directly behind and next to the band, and in that location he often marched unattended.

Among other occasions which have been featured by the presence of this old war horse was the monument to the unrecognized dead of the Ashtabula disaster when he was as much of an attraction as was the monument.

The bones of Old Ned will be set up in the State University at Philadelphia, Pa., and Capt. Crawford will retain the hide, which he will have tanned.

Mose's Argentiferous Firewood.

From the Atlanta Constitution. TIFTON, Ga., May 19.-The section between Tifton and Wayeross is determined to develop its own resources during these war times. Only ast week a man near Waresboro found \$960 in a hollow stump, and now Willacoochee, Coffee county's prosperous city, comes forward with an instance unexcelled for uniqueness in the nistory of the silver discoveries of the age. Mose Sheppard, a negro merchant of that

Mose Sheppard, a negro merchant of that place, a night or so ago was sitting near his hearth, in which was a blazing log, when he was surprised to see a stream of what appeared to be molten metal running from a crevice in the burning log, which was about three feet long. The metal was allowed to remain on the hearth until it cooled, which it outckly did, when it, together with what could be got from the charred log, was carried to a jeweller, who pronounced it coin silver, enough to make about \$25 in silver coin. The log was taken from the right-of-way of the Brunswick and Westers Railroad, on the weatern boundary of the town, and had been out for several years. It was full of knot holes, with a shell around the heart. It was from this shell the molten silver ran.

About aix years ago a store in Willacoochee was burglarized and \$65 in silver taken therefrom. A gun carried by one of the burglars was found near this log, and it is thought be might have hidden his share of the silver in the log and has been unable to go back after it. A citizen of the town, a few months are, while in a drunken state, might have hidden the a considerable amount in silver, which he has never found. It is thought, perhaps, he, while in a drunken state, might have hidden the manner found. It is thought, perhaps, he, while in a drunken state, might have

Nevertheless that hight, after her father had gone to bed. Salomy Jane sat by the open window of the sitting room in an apparent attitude of languid contemplation, but slert and intent of eye and sar, it was a fine moonlit night. Two pines man the door solitary pickets of the serrid vaniss of distant forest—east long shadows like paths to the cottage and sighed their spiced breath in the windows. For there was no rivolity of vine or flower round Salomy Jane's bower. The clearing was too recent, the life too practical for vanities like these. But the moon added a vague clustweness to everything, softened the rigid outlines of the sheits, gave shadows to the lidless windows and touched with merciful indirectures the hiddows defering of refuse gravel, and the gaunt scars of burned vegetation before the door. Even Salomy Jane was affected by it and exhaled something between a sigh and a year with the breath of the pines. Then she spidenty sat upright.

Her quick can had caught a faist "click, click" in the direction of the wood; her quicker instinct and rystic training enabled her to determine that it was the ring of a horse's shee on flinty ground; her knowledge of the locality told her it came from the spot where the trail passed over an outcrop of flint scarcely a quarter of a mile from where she sat—and within the clearing. It was no errant "stock" for the shoe was abod with from; it was a mounted trespasser by night and boded no good to a man like Clay.

She rose, threw her shawl over her hend more for disguise than shelter, and passed out of the door. A sudded inguise made her soize her father's shotgun from the corner where it stood—not that she feared any danger to herself, but that it was an excuse. She made directly for the wood, keeping in the shadow of the pines as long as she could. At the fringe she halted; whoever was there must pass her before reaching the feares and hangular feare and ther temperate blood. The news they had told her was not true—he had been hanged all ghity—she reflected and ended

bestated, and ended vaguely. "How did you get here?"
"You helped me,"
"Yes. That kiss you gave me put life into me—gave me strength to get away. I swore I'd come back and thank you—alive or dead."
Every word he said she could have anticipated, so plain the situation seemed to her now. And every word he said she knew was the truth. Yet her cool common sense struggled against it.
"What's the use of escaping, ef you're comin' back to be ketched again!" she said bertly.

truth. Let her cool common sense struggied against it.

"What's the use of escaping, ef you're comin' back to be ketched again!" she said bertly.

He drew a little nearer to her, but seemed to her the more awkward as she resumed her self-possession. His voice, too, was broken as if by exhaustion as he said, catching his breath at intervals.

"Til tell you, You did more for me than you think. You made another man o' me. I never had a man, woman or child do to me what you did. I never had a riefend—only a pal like Red Pete, who picked me up 'on the shares.' I want to quit this yer—want I'm doin'. I want to begin by doin' the square thing to you." he stopped, breathed hard and then said brokenly: "My hoss is over thar, staked out. I want to give him to you. Jud'o Boompointer will give you \$1.000 for him. I sain't lyin—it's God's truth! I saw it on the handbill again' a tree, Take him and I'll get away afoot. Take him. It's the only thing I can do for you and I know it don't half pay for what you did. Take it—your father can get a reward for you—lor you can't."

Such were the ethics of this strange locality that neither the man who made the offer nor the girl to whom it was made wore struck by anything that seemed illogical or indelicate or at all inconsistent with justice or the horse thief's real conversion. Halomy 'ane, nevertheless, dissented, from another and weaker reason.

"I don't want your hoss—though I reckon dad

"I don't want your hoss—though I reckon dad "I don't want your hoss—though I reckon dad might—but you're just starvin'. I'll get suthin'. "She turned toward the house.

"Say you'll take the hoss first," he said, grasping her hand. At the touch she felt herself coloring and struggled, expecting perhaps another kiss. But he dropped her hand. She turned again with a saucy gesture, said: "Ho!" on; I'll come right back, and slipped away—the mere shadow of a coy and flying nymph in the moonlight—until she reached the house.

Here ahe not only propured food and whiskey.

"Dart."
"Yer first name!"
"Jack."
"Let me go, now, Jack. Lie low in the woods till to morrow sun up. I'll come agin."
He released her. Yet she lingered a moment. "Put on those things," she said, with a sudden happy flash of eyes and teeth, "and lie close till I come." And then she sped away

close till I come. And then she sped away home.

But midway up the distance she felt her feet going slower, and something at her heartstrings seemed to be pulling her back. She stopped, turned, and glauced to where he had been standing. Had she seen him then she might have returned. But he had disappeared. She gave her first sigh, and then ran quickly again. It must be nearly 10 o'clock. It was not very long to morning.

She was within a few steps of her own doer when the sleeping woods and silent air appeared to suddenly awake with a sharp 'crack'. She stopped paralyzed. Another 'crack' followed that echoes over to the far corral. She recalled herself instantly and dashed off wildly to the woods again.

As she ran she thought of one thing only. He had been 'dogged' by one of his old pursuers and attacked. But there were two shots and he was unarmed. Suddenly she remembered that she had left her father again standing against the tree where they were talking. Thank God, she may again have saved him, she ran to the tree; the gun was gone. She ran to the tree; the gun was gone. She ran to there, He must have been able to regain it and escaped—after the shots had been fired. She drew a long breath of relief, but it was caught up in an apprehension of alarm. Her father, awakened from his sleep by the shots, was hurriedly approaching her.

"What's up now, balomy Junef' he demanded excitedly."

Nothin', said the girl, with an effort. "Nothin', said the girl, with an effort in swered in return to his eurious gaze."

"And you've hid my gun sonewhere where where the can't be found?" he and representation.

less, thinking of him, "I wasn't abed, so I ran out as soon as I heard the shots fired," she answered in return to his curious gaze.

"And you've hid my gun sou where where it can't be (ound," he said, repreachfully. "left it was that sneak Larrabee, and he fired them shots to lure me out, he might have potted me without," a show a dozen times in the last five minutes."

She hadn't thought since of her father's enemy, It might indeed have been he who had attacked Jack. But she made a quick point of the suggestion. "Hun in, i'ad, rul in and find the gun-you've get no show out here without it." She selzed him by the shoulders from behind, shielding him from the woods, and hurried him, expositulating, strungling, to the house.

But there was no gun to be found. It was strange-if must have been mislaid in some corner. Was he sure be had not left if in the barn! But no matter now. The danger was over—the Larrabee trick had failed—he must go to bed now, and in the morning they would make a search together. At the same time sho had inwardly resolved to rice before him and make another search of the wood, and perhaps—fearful joy as she recalled her promise—find him alive and well awaiting her.

her father. But toward morning he fell into a lived man's slumber until the sun was well up in the man's slumber until the sun was well up in the man's the sun was well up in the man's the sun was to the winder her head half lifted to catch every sound—from the creaking of the sun-wasped shingles above her head to the far-off mone of the risms which the tight was a sun wasped shingles above her head to the far-off mone of the risms which the tight was followed again by a period of agonising dread—that he nught even then be lying, ebbling his life away, resting here inactive—until she half started from her bed to go to his succes. And this went on until a pale opal glow came into the sky, followed spends of the sun was to the white Sierras, when she rose and hurriedly bedread the sun was to the white Sierras, when she rose and hurriedly bedread the sun was to the white Sierras, when she rose and hurriedly bedread the sun was to the sun was to the brown holland skirt and yellow aunbonnet she had worn when she lingared to select the brown holland skirt and yellow aunbonnet she had worn when she lingared to select the brown holland skirt and yellow aunbonnet she had worn when she lingared to select the brown holland skirt and yellow aunbonnet she had worn when she lingared to select the brown holland skirt and yellow aunbonnet she had worn when she lingared to select the brown holland skirt and yellow aunbonnet she had worn when she lingared to select the brown holland skirt and yellow aunbonnet she had worn when she lingared to select the brown holland skirt and yellow aunbonnet she had worn when she lingared to select the brown holland skirt and yellow aunbonnet she had worn when she lingared to select the brown holland skirt and yellow aunbonnet she had worn when she lingared to select the brown holland skirt and yellow and the select the long-drayn breathing of her taken in the long-drayn breathing the select the long-drayn breathing the select the long-drayn breathing the select the long-drayn breathing the se

yours: but you ain's any longer the daughter of your disgraced father.

He had scarcely finished the note when, with a clatter of hoofs and a led horse, Breckenridge reappeared at the door clate and triumnant. "You're in nigger luck, Mad. I found that stole hoss of Judge Boompointer's had got away and strayed among your stock in the corral. Take him and you're safe. He can't be outrun this side of the Stato fine."

"I ain't no hoes thief," said Madison, grimly. "Nobody sex ye are, but you'd be wuss—a fool of you didn't take him. I'm testimony that you found him among your hosses. I'll tell Judge Boompointer you've got him, and ye kin send him back when you're safe. The Judge will be mighty slad toget him back and call it quits. So—ef you've writ to Salomy Jane—come."

Madison Clay no longer hesitated. Salomy Jane might return at any moment—it would be part of her "fool womanishness"—and he was in no mood to see her before a third party. He laid the note on the table, gave a hurried glance around the house, which he grimly believed he was leaving forever, and striding to

He laid the note on the table, gave a hurried glance around the house, which he grimly believed he was leaving forever, and striding to the door leaped on the stolen horse and swept away with his kinsman.

But that note lay for a week undisturbed on the table, in full view of the open door. The house was invaded by leaves pine cones, birds, and squirrels during the hot, silent, empty days, and at night by shy, steality creatures, but never again, day or night, by any of the Clay family. It was known in the district that Clay had flown across the State line, his daughter was believed to have joined him the next day, and the house was supposed to be lecked up. It lay off the main road and few passed that way. The starving cattle in the corral at last broke bounds and spread over the woods. And one night a stronger blast than usual swept through the house, carried the note from the table to the floor, where, whirled into a crack in the flooring, it slowly rotsed.

But though the sting of her father's reproach was spared her, Salomy Jane had no need of the letter to know what had happened. For as she entered the woods in the dim light of that morning she saw the figure of Dart gliding from the shadow of a pine toward her. The unsflected cry of joy that rose from her lips died there as she saw his face in the open light.

"You are hurt," she said, clutching his arm passionarely, "he said. "But I wouldn't mind that it—"'You're thinkin' I was afeared to come back

there as she saw his face in the open light.

"You're thinkin' I was aftered to come back last night when I heard the shootin, but I did come," she went on, feverishly. "I ran hack here when I heard the two shots, but you were rone. I went to the corral, but your hoas wasn't here, and I thought you'd got away."

"I did get away." said Dart, gloomily. "I killed the man, thinkin' he was huntin' me, and forgettin' I was disguised. He thought I was your father."

"Yes," said the girl, joyfully, "he was aftered and you-you killed him." She again ength his hand admiringly.

"Yes," said the girl, loyfully, "he was aftered and you-you killed him." She again ength his hand admiringly.

But he did not respond. Possibly there were points of honor which this horse thief felt vaguely with her father. "Liston, he said grimly," Others think it was your father killed him. When I did it—for he fired at me first—fran to the corral again and took my hoss, think in' I might be follered. I made a clear circuit of the house, and whon I sired, he was the only one, and no one was follerin—I come back here and took off my disguise. Then I heard his friends find him in the woods, and I knew they suspected your father. And then another man came through the woods while I was hidin and found the clothes and took them away." He siopped and stared at her gloomily. But all this was unintelligible to the girl. "Dad would have got the better of him if you hadn't,' she said, "so what's the difference?"

"All the same," he said gloomily, "I must take his place.

She did not understand, but turned her head to her master. "Then you'll go back with me and tell him sill" she said obediently.

"Yes," he said.

She put ber hand in his, and they crept out of the wood together. She foresaw a thousand difficulties, but, chiefest of all, that he did not love her as she did him. She would not have taken these risks against their happiness.

But alias! for ethics and here in. As they were leaving to the world. As a moral rouancer, pause, leaving the would, p

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OPENING A MIND SHUT IN

EDUCATION OF TOMMY STRINGER.

speech Being Taught to Him Gradually-Mis Likes and Distince-First idea of Beath-BOSTON, May 28.-Among the most remarkable instances of educating children lacking the senses of sight and hearing is that of Temmy Stringer, now an inmate of the Kinder-garten for the Blind in this city. About seven years ago there was brought to Boston a child. or, rather, a being cast in childhood's image, or he was hardly more than a mere mass of living, breathing clay; a small animal not un-like a calf or a puppy in the vagueness of his instincts; without sight, without hearing, without speech, totally helpless. This was Tommy Stringer, not quite 5 years old. To-day at 12 this boy can by the sense of touch alone receive and understand the thoughts of those about him and communicate his own. He can read and write with fair degree of accuracy and lately has been acquiring the art of speech.

Born perfectly normal, he was, by a severe illness when 2 years old, bereft of sight, hearing and speech. Now Tommy is just like other boys of his age in most things. He studies and plays and asks just as many questions, perhaps more. He chatters incessantly, that is, his hands are never still, forming the letters of the alphabet with his fincers, and his palm is eagerly outstretched to receive the replies, which are given by letting him feel the fingers of his instructor as they form the words and sentences. It is marvellous to see the rapidity with which be imparts and receives ideas. He even talks to himself sometimes, lying awake at night in bed, with his little fingers inces-santly working, unburdening his active mind of the thoughts which crowd it.

Tommy studies and sometimes shows the aversion to routine manifested by other little oys. His daily school hours are arranged as follows: 8:45-9:30, object lesson (morning alk); 9:45-10:30, writing; 10:45-11:30, articulation: 11:45-12:30, gymnastics: 1:45-2:30, arithmetic; 2:45-3:30, reading; 5:15-5:45, evening reading (i. a., reading to Tommy by his teacher). His groutest dislike is to the articulation lessons. In this he is often quite stubborn. He has to learn by placing the fingers of one tion lessons. In this he is often quite stubbors. He has to learn by placing the fingers of one hand upon the lips and those of the other hand upon the throat of his teacher, afterward imitating the motions with his own vocal organs. The difficulty of this is of course great, and as he cannot hear his own utterances he does not appreciate what he accomplishes. Naturally he dislikes it, although sometimes he will try very hard. The recitation is occasionally like this: He has learned, for instance, "Come, little leaves," and is asked to repeat it. The brack-eted remarks are a finger accompaniment to the spoken words, "Come [not not] little [not talk, no; bad] leaves [not not] little [not talk, no; bad] leaves [not not] alt Tuesday, talk by and by; not yet]," &c. Yet on the day The SUN reporter visited him, at the request of Miss Conley, his teacher, he talked at length and very intelligibly. He recited well, turning his head toward an imaginary audience; but after some time he craftily remarked that his hearers had fallen asleep and so he gained the rest desired. On being told they had awakened he politely resumed, simply to carry out the play he had imagined.

Tommy's bent is toward mechanics. His carpentering work—sloyd—is far beyond that of many lads with perfect faculties. The reporter aw some very interesting samples of it, a bird house, sled, foot rest, &c., all of the most careful workmanship. He takes notes of every step in the processes and the tools used and can distinguish thirteen different kinds of wood by the sense of smell alone. Every broken lock or window about the building needing repair is mended by him. He takes intricate locks apart, learns the secret of their construction and assembles them again.

window about the building needing repair is mended by him. He takes intricate locks apart, learns the secret of their construction and assembles them again.

He detests writing, as most blind persons do, because there is no tangible result to him and he cannot read what is written, the letters not being raised; yet he writes a splendid square hand. When asked to sit down and write for others he sometimes rebels, doing as requested, but sitting as far from the table as possible and with his face turned from the onlookers. Yes he delights to read, and reads well.

One of Tommy's chief charms is his total lack of self-consciousness. He never appears to realize that he is showing oif for any one, his only hesitation arising from dielike of the occupation. Otherwise the cheerfulness and rapidity with which he sets about his performance are very pleasing. He is of an imaginative turn of mind, one of his standing fancies being that he is in possession of an imaginary house in New Garden, Hedford, which has eight floors and ninety-four rooms, with a bathroom on each floor. It is on a high bank with a "fence to keep from falling." This idea of the fence exhibits the cautiousness of the blind. He does not intentionally, even in his humor, cause pais to any one.

The reporter asked what Tommy's notions of religion, death, &c., were, and Miss Conley explained that coming to the institution as he did with no preconceived ideas of such things, nothing had been imparted to him on the subject whatever. He was to be left to face the problem personally, and they were watching to see what his first gropings would bring forth. Of course he will come face to face with these questions some day. Of death he never until lately had an idea. Recently, some good friends of his having died, he missed them and made, unquiries. He was told that they had gone on a long journey, and in referring to them now he speaks of that "far off country." The

friends of his having dien, he missod them and made, inquiries. He was told that they had gone on a long journey, and in referring to them now he speaks of that "far off country." The words are of his own selection.

They have not yet succeeded in giving him much idea of the social structure, and he hardly understands the value of labor or money, although the aim is to impress him gradually with the necessity for self-support and the relation he bears to the rest of the community. Just at present he probably presumes that his immediate surroundings were made for his own great good. Yet be has some idea of allogiance and duty, but not through fear of punishment.

PRINTED ON THE OLYMPIA. How Our Tars in Asia Received the News of the Maine's Destruction.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean. SPRINGFIELD, O., May 23.-Through G. E. Burke of Cleveland news was received here today of an interesting paper published at in-tervals on the United States flagship Olympia of the Asiatic squadron. The paper just received by Mr. Burke is called the Bounding Billow, and was printed at Hong Kong on March 31. This is the fourth number of the first volume and contains matter interesting in the extreme. At the time this paper was printed the sallors had just heard the news of the blowing up of the Maine. The front page of the paper contains an account of the news of the blowing up of the Maine. The front page of the paper contains an account of the Maine disaster, surrounded by a deep black border. The article states that the Usited States had conclusive proof that the Maine was blown up by an external explosion, and it is hinted that serious international complications may arise. A part of the story is as follows:

"Divers were sent down to examine the wreck, and found indisputable evidence that the Maine, with her galiant crew, was blown up by some foul flond whose death a thousand times over could never atone for the loss of so many human lives—shipmates, brothers, friends, all hurled into eternity without a word of warning; no chance for a farewell grasp of the hand; serve wand desolation brought to hundreds of homes; gray-haired mothers bewalling the lives of their sens; loving wives eagerly scanning the papers, dreading, yet hoping, and anxious sweethearts waiting for the return of their loved ones. Tis a picture to make the heart ache.

"Volunteers for service are applying at all military and naval stations, and, in the face of this, lingoists and other imbeciles are crying about the spirit of '76 being dead. The spirit of '76 will remain in the heart of every American as long as our glorious banner floats. Patriota all, when the tocsin sounds, not a man will fall in his duty, and our battle cry shall be, 'Remember the Maine.'"

Next follows an article describing the Maine relief fund. "The response on this station," says the little paper, "was a typical American one—generous and humane, \$1,300 in United States gold was collected among the crews of the Olympia, Raleigh, Concord and Patrel."

From the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

"Caw! caw! caw!" sbrieked a couple of crews in the "nurseries" near Chamounix drive in the West Park yesterday afternoon. Park guard No. 88, who happened to be on the drive as the time, cocked up his ears, "Something wrong with those crows," said he to a cyclist who had stopped near by to rest; never heard them eaw that way unless there was something up. The incessant cawing grew louder and closer each moment. Suddenly out from a bunch of small trees dashed a big black and white tomeat, running as fast as he could. Two infurlated crows were hovering over him, taking turns at swooping down upon him and pecking him viciously with their sharp beaks. At each attack the cat necelerated his speed, and, with bristling tail, simply flew over the ground. The crows nounced upon him numercifully, until dnally, when the chase had simost reached the two surprised spectators, the cat took refuge in a culvert which runs under the drive at that point. One of the crows alighted on the edge of the culvert, and then catching sight of the two spectators, turned and flew back to some tail pines back of the nurseries, "Well, what do you think of that?" exclaimed the guard. "Bid you ever see a crow few back to some tall pines back of the nurser-ies. "Well, what do you think of that?" ex-claimed the guard. "Did you ever see a crow chase a cat before? Never? Why, a cat can lick any kind of a bird. That cat must have been robbing their nest. Well, I'll be hanged?"